
RING loud, O bells of Easter,
Your peals through spaces ring;
With joy the fair earth greets you
Through all the notes of spring.
Ring in all peace and gladness,
Ring out all strife and tears,
As downward through the ages
You've rung the passing years.

Ring clear, O bells, your message
Throughout all nature thrills;
It all things living touches,
As when from Judah's hills
There rose the light triumphant
O'er death and mortal fears,
And dawned that first great Easter—
The Easter of the years.

Ring sweet, O bells, your lesson
Into each heart to-day;
That all before the Master
May but life's lilies lay;
Ring soft—ring low; your chiming
May bridge some past—its tears,
For those, perchance, who mourneth
Some Easter in the years.

Again, O bells of Easter,
Ring out in thrilling peal,
That we, through all our pulses
The new-born glory feel
God's living, loving presence,
As each new spring appears
In all that breathes around us,
Throughout the march of years.
—Beatrice Harlowe, in Woman's Home Companion.

## The Resurrection of Ruth

MRS. WHITAKER drew up her little brown and white pony with an expression of disgust on her face and waited until the wagon, with the long box covered with an old black shawl, had passed her on its way to the village burying ground.

"Another pauper's funeral," Mrs. Whitaker murmured, looking over her shoulder, as she drove on past the town farm.

Again Anne Whitaker's lips curled. "Old men and funerals, right next door;" and this time she struck the slow-moving pony a gentle blow with her equally slow-moving whip.

Now Mrs. Anne Whitaker was not a hard-hearted woman. She was only an indignant land owner who found her handsome farmhouse almost ruined for residential and property purposes by its proximity to the poor farm. This farm, adjoining Mrs. Whitaker's, had been left to the town last year.

"It's not that I don't want the paupers to be comfortable," said Mrs. Whitaker, as the pony trotted up the driveway toward the barn; "but I must say I don't care to have them right under my nose."

Mrs. Whitaker, not finding her man about, unharnessed the pony and led him into the stall and then went indoors to duscuss with Hannah, the only other occupant of the big house, the disadvantages of the locality.

Meantime in the poorhouse, next door, a little child was sobbing her heart out in an upper room.

"You hadn't oughter have taken her away before her mother died, if she did make a fuss," said the daughter of the woman who looked after the poor-farm, "I'm agoin' up to see her."

She went up two flights of stairs to the garret room where a child was seated on an old box in the corner. The child stopped crying, half frightened as she entered. The girl sat down on a trunk opposite

"Look here, Ruth, you mustn't cry any longer," commanded the matron's daughter.

"I want my mother," sobbed the child, with new courage.

The girl hesitated a moment. "Well, you can't have your mother," she answered at last, frankly, "she's dead, and gone to Heaven."

"Oh," said the child, slowly, "you didn't tell me. Mamma said she thought she was going to die, but they didn't tell me; they just carried me away."

"Well, for gracious sakes!" cried the girl; "you took on so about her bein' sick that we had to. You ain't goin' to cry any more, are you?" she added, coaxingly.

"No, I ain't," answered the child, gravely.

"There, that's a good girl;" the matron's daughter rose and gave the dark locks an affectionate rub. "I knew you wasn't goin' to be naughty."

The girl went downstairs and left Ruth sitting very still upon the box in the corner and thinking hard, with her eyes fixed on a cobweb just across the garret.

"My mamma has died and gone to Heaven," the child meditated, solemnly. "I told her if she went up to Heaven first, the next thing she knew she'd look around and see me there. I ain't going to stay in this horrid place without her. I'm going to die myself and go and see her, right straight off. I'll put on my best nightgown, and I'll lie down in the bed and put some flowers at my head"—some kind person had placed a bouquet by her mother's bed the last time Ruth had seen her lying sick and still—"and then I'll die and go to Heaven." She rose now and, stepping to the window, peered between the dusky festoons at the blue sky, as if she expected to see the angels already descending to bear her away.

At last she went quietly down the stairs; she must find the flowers first, and to go out of doors by the back way she must pass through the kitchen. The girl was at the stove frying doughnuts, and looked up as Ruth entered.

"Hullo," she said; "have a doughnut?"

These doughnuts were not for the inmates of the farm, and it was a rare honor to be offered one. For a moment Ruth forgot her errand, it was so warm and sweet. While she was eating it, standing close by the fire, the girl's mother, who was sitting in the kitchen, spoke:

"To think to-morrer should be Easter."

"I know it; I hope it'll be pleasant."

"What is Easter?" asked Ruth, timidly.

"Law sakes! what a heathen she is," cried the woman.

"Easter," said the girl, oracularly, balancing a doughnut on the end of her fork, "is the day when Christ rose from the dead, as all the dead shall rise."

Ruth, as she stood in the corner, ate her doughnut and pondered over the words.

"I guess to-morrow'll be the best day to die in," she decided, watching with hungry eyes as the girl bore the pan of doughnuts off to the matron's private larder; "that's the day the dead shall all rise."

The next morning brought Easter, a fair and glad day for many as well as for little Ruth; for was not this to be the day on which she should rise to her mother in the skies? She went out into the garden directly after breakfast to gather some flowers. After much searching Ruth discovered in a swamp far from the house, a pussy-willow bush, with the catkins clinging gray and soft to the shining brown twigs. She picked a great bunch of these and bore them home in triumph. Suddenly she remembered something; her mother's lament the night before she lost all knowledge of where she was, that she must die in the poor farm; how bad she felt about that. "I don't think mamma'd want me to die here," she murmured, with a little sob of disappointment in her voice.

It was at dusk of that Easter day when a little white-robed figure stole softly out of the back door of the poor house, and, creeping slowly along in the shadow, came at last to Mrs. Whitaker's back gate. Then it fairly flew up the pathway, and paused at the door. But the door was locked, and there was no key in sight. A sudden memory came to Ruth of the day when she had been to walk with the girl at the poor-farm, and the girl had taken the key from under the mat. She reached down now and felt beneath the mat. Yes, there it was. She fitted the key in the door, turned it quickly and found herself in Mrs. Whitaker's pleasant kitchen, where the fire glowed in a safe, subdued fashion, and the dining-room showed through the half-open door.

But Ruth wasted scarce a glance on these beauties. She had seen the brown and white pony go down the road some time since, and she planned

LOOKING OVER THE LITTLE WHITE FIGURE.

to die and be done with it before the pony's owner should return.

She wiped her cold bare feet carefully on the kitchen rug; it appeared to her most fitting to die in bare feet; then, holding the big bunch of pussy-willows closely, she crept softly up the stairs to the handsome square chambers. She was awestruck with their size and grandeur, and it took her some time to decide which one was suitable for her laying out; but at last she selected Mrs. Whitaker's own bedroom. She placed the pussy-willows in a vase on the table at the head of the bed, and then she opened the window wide.

"I should think that would be big enough for the angels to get me through, if they're careful," she said, aloud; she had not seen her mother carried away in the poorfarm wagon in the long, black box.

She climbed solemnly up into the great high-posted bed, lying quietly in the center of it, her little close-cropped head against Mrs. Whitaker's spick and span shams, her small, bare feet projecting, pink-toed and chill, from the edge of her carefully drawn-down nightgown. She folded her hands across her breast, closed her eyes, just as she had seen her mother on that last day, and waited—waited through the seconds that the tall hall-clock ticked solemnly from below the stairs, waited while they turned to minutes, and even to an hour; but the angels were waiting, too, the guardian angels of little Ruth.

While she waited the brown and white pony was ambling down the road, bearing Mrs. Whitaker home after the church service. She had left Hannah on the way to make a call on her family and was now alone. The peace of Easter was smiling on her lips and the joy of Easter was shining in her eyes; for Easter has always the largest meaning to those, left as she, alone in the world. She drove up the driveway to the barn, lighted the lantern and unharnessed the horse—the hired man had his Sundays out; then she came to the back door. The sight of the key projecting from the lock brought another frown to her face.

"Hannah's getting careless," she said, as she stepped into the kitchen. She sat down a moment before the fire in the darkness, then rising, lighted a lamp and went slowly up the stairs to put away her bonnet and shawl.

She came into her bedroom, placed the light on her bureau and turned about toward the bed. She gave a sudden cry, not a shriek, but something between a moan and a sob and put her hand to her side. But after a still moment, she went to the bureau, picked up the lamp in a steady hand and walked gravely to the bedside, looking over the little white figure from the dark, roughened hair to the pink-toed feet. A hint of a smile came to the corners of her mouth.

Now the child opened her big black eyes, saw the faint smile and tranquilly closed them again.

Anne Whitaker frowned. Was it a trick being played upon her?

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, still holding the light and still peering down into the child's face.

Ruth opened her eyes again with a look of appeal in them. "I'm dying," she answered, calmly, and then closed her eyes.

Mrs. Whitaker jumped so that the chimney almost fell from the lamp; she hurried to the bureau, placed it there and then came back to the bed.

"Do you feel very bad?" she queried, anxiously.

A piteous frown came to the child's forehead. "Please don't 'sturb me, I want to die;" she had screwed her eyes more tightly together this time.

Mrs. Whitaker straightened up. "Oh, you do, do you?" then she bent over the bed. "Have you taken anything?" she asked, solicitously.

The child looked at her now. "No, I didn't have anything that was good enough. You can get 'most everything in Heaven, can't you?"

Anne Whitaker retreated a pace and sat down in the nearest chair. She did not answer until she realized that Ruth was still looking at her inquiringly.

"Yes, I guess so," she began, hastily. Then she felt a draft of cold air. "I guess there isn't much doubt about your dying if you lie there with that window open;" she went toward the window and closed it.

"Don't shut it; how can the angels come in?" Ruth sat up in bed and looked at her.

Anne Whitaker looked back at the thin little face and the sad, dark eyes, and a lump came into her throat.

"They can come in at the door, I guess," she said; but she was not thinking of the words.

She went over to the child, who had lain down again, and touched her bare, chill fee. "You're going to catch your death a-cold," she affirmed. "I'm going to put my shawl over you."

The child unfolded her hands and spread them out in appeal. "Won't you please let me die? This is such a nice house to die in."

Again Mrs. Whitaker retreated. "What—what do you want to die for?" she stammered.

"'Cause my mamma died, an' I want to go an' see her in Heaven; an' it's a more joyful place than the poorhouse."

Mrs. Whitaker had always prided herself on being a woman of resource. She sat down on a chair opposite the bed and studied the little figure perplexedly. Suddenly there was a movement of the small nose, a wrinkling of the smooth eyebrows, and the next moment the still form was shaken by a convulsive sneeze.

Mrs. Whitaker sprang to her feet. "There's one thing sure," she declared, impressively, "if I let you lie there that way I might as well be a murderer and done with it. Wanting to die, indeed! Don't you know the Lord's got work for you in the world, and it isn't right for you to die?"

Her voice rose in her indignation louder than she knew, from the clothespress where she was extracting her biggest and warmest gray shawl. When she turned again toward the bed, two great tears were stealing from beneath Ruth's dark lashes and making slow way down her hollow cheeks. Mrs. Whitaker groaned and choked and sat down with the shawl in her arms. Then, what seemed like a brilliant inspiration came to her.

"I've got some apple tarts downstairs; they're brown an' crispy, and there's one that's just about big enough for a little girl. I should think she'd like to have something to eat before she dies."

The child's mouth moved convulsively at the corners, but this time it was not with grief.

"And I've got a cooky that's round, with sugar on the top and a hole in the middle." Mrs. Whitaker smiled broadly as Ruth sat up.

"And could I take one to mamma, too?" she asked.

"Oh," answered the triumphant lady, "your mamma has everything she wants in Heaven."

The child smiled. "Then I guess I'll wait till I get there, too," she said, and lay down again.

The shawl twitched in Anne Whitaker's hands; she longed to gather the forlorn little figure into her arms, but she did not feel that she could use force toward the child; she must manage her, she had always been so good a manager.

"Do you know what day it is?" she asked, presently, feeling her way carefully.

"Yes, that's why I died to-day," was the answer, still with tight-shut eyes.

"To-day is the day that Christ rose from the dead to teach us that as He rose, so shall we all rise," began Mrs. Whitaker, gently.

Ruth was looking at her now. "But I can't rise," she said, plaintively; "'cause you keep 'sturbing me."

"You might"—Anne Whitaker drew a long breath, was it sacrilegious?—"you might play you had been dead and"—she paused.

A gleam of interest shone in Ruth's face. "But this isn't Heaven," she protested.

"The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," Mrs. Whitaker quoted, with both freedom and truth, as she approached the bed with outspread shawl. "It isn't Heaven, but we might be good and make it seem like Heaven."

The child put up her hand as if to ward off the shawl.

"But God isn't here and mamma isn't here."

"God is everywhere," answered Mrs. Whitaker; and Ruth looked about half startled. "But He is a spirit, and you can't see Him." She dropped the shawl over the child now, and as she wrapped it about her she finished more softly: "Your mamma isn't here, but you might play for a little while that I was your other mother."

"Not my real mother?" Ruth asked, wistfully.

"Oh no," Mrs. Whitaker said, hastily; "only a play mother."

The child said no more, but let herself be wound up in the shawl and sat quietly on the edge of the bed while Mrs. Whitaker brought out a pair of her long woolen stockings and drew them over the little, unresisting feet. There was still a slight disappointment in Ruth's face when the great, gray shawl was fastened with a safety pin firmly beneath her chin.

"Now be careful when you go downstairs and keep tight hold of the banisters;" and Mrs. Whitaker came a step behind with a firm clutch on the small, gray-shawled shoulder.

She placed the child in the great rocking chair in front of the stove and laid out all her goodies on the table; apple tarts and cookies and preserves and cold meat and bread and butter and rich, warm milk. Then she went upstairs and brought down an old sacque of her own that Ruth might put on, and so have her arms free; and they both actually fell to laughing as she rolled and rolled and rolled up the long hanging sleeves.

Mrs. Whitaker was amazed and fearful when she saw Ruth eat; the little girl, whose mind seemed fixed on heavenly things, had a hearty appetite. At last, for fear the child might, indeed, die from overeating, her hostess suggested that they rock together in the chair before the fire.

"I always said that poor farm wasn't rightly managed," she thought, indignantly; "they don't have enough to eat. I don't know but I'd better let myself be put on that committee."

At this moment little Ruth looked up with a smile on her face, from which all traces of disappointment were fast vanishing. "I think this must be almost as nice as Heaven; just but for mamma."

Mrs. Whitaker smiled grimly. "I guess Heaven is a good deal within us, even with the poorhouse next door."

Hannah made an unusually long call on her family, so Mrs. Whitaker thought, holding the little, shawl-wrapped figure in front of the dining-room fire. But when at last she entered, her mistress' commands were ready.

"Hanna, you go over to the poor-farm and tell them that Ruth's over here and going to stay, and I'll send John for her things in the morning."

Hannah stood still, gaping, in the dining-room doorway. "Well, I never!" she announced, with her usual freedom; "what on earth have you ben doin'?"

Anne Whitaker smiled with her lips against Ruth's dark locks. "Well," she said, slowly, "we've been having a resurrection. You see, this little girl came over here to"—she was about to add "to die," but changed it suddenly "to live."—Frances Bent Dillingham in N. Y. Independent.

## THE EASTER LAMB.

**An Old Custom That Is Still in Vogue in the East—Relic of the Jewish Passover.**

Among the Christians of the East it is customary to purchase a young lamb to be eaten at Easter. This is evidently a relic of the Jewish Passover. During Passion Week lambs are brought into every town and village by the hundred, their white wool often dyed red in patches in order to enhance their beauty in the eyes of purchasers. The usual price asked for the little animal is from 20 cents to two dollars, the prices varying according to the locality where the sale takes place.

It is a great event for the children of the family, who may be seen in every town leading the little pet about the streets and competing with each other to see who shall give it the nicest handful of grass. Ribbons and artificial and natural flowers are all used to decorate these little creatures in preparation for the sacrifice. Wreaths of flowers encircle their necks and legs, and knots of gay ribbon are tied to their tails and wool. So attached do the children become to the lambs that the father often has a struggle to bring about their slaughter, and for this reason two lambs are sometimes bought, only one being killed for the Easter festival.

Thereafter the "spared Easter lamb" becomes the children's inseparable companion. It follows the little girls to the pasture or cemetery close by, or runs behind the donkey which the boys are riding to the vineyard or mulberry grove.

At night the little ones dispute who shall have it for its bedfellow, and they go to sleep with their arms about the soft little neck of their playfellow. —N. Y. Tribune.

### Easter Eggs in Russia.

The Easter egg is used in the Russian church as a symbol of kindly feeling between the clergyman and his flock. At the conclusion of the services the members of the congregation "click eggs" with the priest much as glasses are clinked when healths are drunk at banquets.

## THE WAR REVENUE.

**The People Pay the Piper While the Hanna Syndicates Dance Their Imperial Jig.**

The treasury bureau of statistics reports that the receipts from the war revenue act from June 13, 1898, to the end of the year, or for a little more than 6½ months, amounted to $54,362,122.39. This is exclusive of $763,185.06 additional taxes collected on articles "relating to tobacco manufactured, imported and removed from factory or custom house, act of June 13, 1898," and of additional collections on fermented liquors stored in warehouse amounting to $161,524.60. It is also exclusive of the duty on tea imposed by the war revenue act, which probably produced not far from $4,500,000.

About $59,000,000 may be stated as the total yield properly due to the law for the period named. This is at the rate of $9,000,000 per month, or $108,000,000 a year, in round figures. This is a goodly sum, yet Mr. Cannon has warned his party associates that it will not suffice and he has given the figures which go to show that in spite of this large increase of revenue there will be a deficit of fully $100,000,000 during the fiscal year beginning with next July, and that as soon as the proceeds of the war loan are exhausted it will be necessary either to borrow money or to increase the taxes again to cover the deficit. This is what the Chronicle predicted before congress met last December and when people were taking for granted that taxes were going to be reduced and telling their representatives what taxes they would prefer to have abolished first.

Documentary and proprietary stamps are the principal source of revenue under the act of June 13, 1898, the receipts from this source having been about $22,350,000 during the 6½ months. The extra barrel tax on beer comes next as a revenue yielder, having produced about $18,100,000. From these two sources came $40,450,000 of the increase $54,360,000 from internal taxes, or over 74 per cent. of the whole. The additional taxes on tobacco in its various forms came next as revenue producers, having yielded nearly $9,000,000. Special taxes follow, with a yield of $4,500,000.

The tax on legacies was hardly worth collecting, having produced only $134,899.63. The only tax that yielded less was that on mixed flour—$5,189.95. But that tax was not intended to produce revenue. It was intended to protect the American stomach by preventing the adulteration of flour. To judge from some of the developments in the beef inquiry it would seem that the American stomach needs protection and better protection than is afforded by existing inspection laws.

Such of the figures as relate strictly to revenue taxes teach the same old lesson, that the masses of the people supply the money with which to pay the big bills for war, for conquest, for the enrichment of a few syndicates at home or in a lot of conquered provinces. The stamp taxes are paid by the great business public and the beer, tobacco and "special" taxes and the tea duty are paid by the still broader public—the great mass of the people, including almost every man who works for wages. And the taxes which in some special manner fall upon wealth—the taxes on gross receipts and legacies—amount to no more than $415,437.38, or much less than one per cent. of the total. The returns show who pays the piper while the Hanna syndicates dance their imperial jig and the generals and admirals engage in a scramble for glory and promotion which is anything but a pleasing spectacle to set before the nations of the earth.—Chicago Chronicle.

## NEXT FALL'S ELECTIONS.

**Present Indications Point to Democratic Gains in Some Important States.**

The important state elections of 1899 will occur in Ohio, Iowa, Kentucky and Maryland; and in each of these states the new national issues growing out of the war will obscure to a considerable extent state or local questions.

Ohio is, of course, naturally a republican state, but the offensive prominence of Mark Hanna, President McKinley's manager and financier, is extremely distasteful to a great body of self-respecting republicans. With a strong and popular democratic nomination for governor, it is not impossible that the president's own state might be won by the democracy. The narrow republican margin in the legislature in which Mark Hanna's senatorship was the issue, and the unsavory scandals connected therewith, show conclusively that, with Hanna running things, republican success in Ohio is not a foregone conclusion.

Iowa will unquestionably go republican; Kentucky, while it will be fiercely contested, will almost certainly go democratic. In Maryland there will be a battle royal, but, although the state has for the past few years gone republican, it is naturally democratic, and surface signs point to its redemption.

Some forecasts of the results of the great presidential struggle of next year can be made after the votes have been counted in the important states which vote this year. There will be, however, no test in the great Empire state in 1899.—Albany Argus.

——The party of McKinley and Hanna, since its accession to power, has studiously avoided every species of taxation that would touch the pockets of wealth, because it owes its success to this class, and has imposed the burden of sustaining the expense of government upon the small property owners, the people of moderate means and the wage-earners, who are the least able to pay taxes. The incomes of the rich have been allowed to pay nothing to government for the protection they receive, while tribute has been levied upon the food, raiment and shelter of the poor.—St. Louis Republic.

——The condition of the national treasury is giving the republican managers more anxiety than the condition of the currency. Billion-dollar congresses leave a trail of trouble for the treasury officials which they would be glad to avoid if they could. But reckless extravagance in appropriations brings its burdens, and in the present instance it is a certain deficiency estimated at from $100,000,000 to $160,000,000. How to meet it is the question now worrying Secretary Gage and congressional financiers.—Denver News.

## IRRITATING PERVERSITY.

**The Soldiers Insist on Telling the Truth About the Subsidized Beef.**

The conduct of the officers and soldiers of our Cuban war army in regard to the question of bad beef must be extremely annoying to McKinley, Alger and Eagan. At every opportunity they have persisted in saying that the beef which they got in the field was so vile that burial was the only disposition possible to be made of it. When the court of inquiry was sitting in Washington some very nice canned beef was opened and served up in various forms for the soldiers to taste. They tasted, and when asked to say which variety was like what they had in the field they all said none of it was like what they had. They went on the witness stand and swore that what they had in the field was simply loathsome. Then the court went to Chicago and made an inspection of the canning business, being shown how carefully the beef was canned and how nice it tasted. But more obstinate soldiers went on the stand and said that what they received in the field was not nice, that it not only smelled to heaven, but had maggots in it. Then the court adjourned to Omaha and inspected the canning processes there, finding them agreeable in every way, and the beef itself most delightful eating. Then they called some more soldiers, and these said the same things about the beef they had been supplied with by Eagan and Alger that all the other soldiers had said. The Omaha canning methods might be perfect, but the kind of canned beef turned out was not the kind that reached the soldiers in the field. Did anybody ever see such irritating perversity! The president ought to rebuke them in a special proclamation.—N. Y. Post.

## TRUSTS AND PROTECTION.

**Monopolies Have Multiplied and Flourished Under Republican Rule.**

Trusts and protection are yokefellows. They pull together and advance the prosperity of the money power.

Not so very long ago McKinley was talking about protecting the "infant industry" of manufacturing tin plate.

Now the tin plate trust is one of the most oppressive of corporations. Tin plate is difficult to obtain because it is protected by the tariff and production has been curtailed by the trust.

In the market reports it is stated that owing to the "short supply" tin plate is advanced in price to $4.50 a box, an increase of $1.50 a box in the last six months.

Tin plate workers are thrown out of employment, operatives are discharged, wages reduced, production cut down in order to force prices up.

If there are a million boxes of tin plate produced in this country annually this action of the trust has taxed the people of the United States just $1,500,000.

Thus the republican administration has levied an impost of $1,500,000 on the people for the express purpose of making the tin plate manufacturers rich.

There can be no foreign competition. McKinley's "infant industry" is amply protected by the tariff.

What do the people think of republican lawmaking when in this one instance it is shown that it costs them $1,500,000 a year?

The tariff is a great thing for the trusts, and the trust managers knew this when they invested millions of dollars in campaign funds to buy votes for McKinley.—Chicago Democrat.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

——Republicanism's Frankenstein, the trust evil, has now apparently attained such menacing proportions as to frighten even its creator.—St. Louis Republic.

——Mark Hanna is versatile. He can take care of the president, manage the Ohio campaign and superintend the syndication of Cuba at the same time. He has a three-pronged brain and an octopodean touch.—St. Louis Republic.

——It is observed that the administration organs are not printing star-spangled editorials about Uncle Sam's glorious war in the Philippines. In fact, they are preserving an eloquent mumness on that subject.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

——A $1,000,000,000 copper trust and a $75,000,000 trust in knit goods are the latest additions to the list of monopolies that has grown so rapidly under McKinleyism. As the Scripture says: "And after that—the Judgment."—Illinois State Register.

——Instead of taking a sensible view of the beef controversy, Gen. Alger has behaved, even from his own standpoint, in a most injudicious manner. "If the beef was bad, then I am incompetent; therefore the beef must have been good"—this, or something like it, appears to have been the unpublished reasoning of the secretary.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

——The announcements of alleged wage raising in the north and northwest would be more agreeable were they free from the suspicion of being part of the Hanna-McKinley prosperity-promising programme, as were similar announcements about the time the present administration began its career of public plunder.—Richmond Dispatch.

——Many congressmen are pointing to the imperial schemes for spending hundreds of millions which the congress rejected in spite of the urgings of Mr. McKinley and his friends, and are saying, with Clive: "In view of our opportunities we marvel at our own moderation." But the simple truth is that even congress did not dare spend any more money. The menace of the figures of deficits was too vivid not to impress the most reckless of prodigals.—N. Y. World.

——The extravagance of the congress which has just closed is far beyond the record. Administration journals defend this on the ground that the country is growing, and that the federal expenses grow with it. This is a radically false proposition. The federal establishment is growing out of all proportion to the growth of the country. There is a constant establishment of new and useless offices and commissions, an annual robbery of vast dimensions in public buildings, an unnatural growth and encouragement of the federal judiciary, and a tendency in federal taxation to promote private interests rather than keep sufficient funds in the public treasury.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## PITH AND POINT.

The average woman's a firm believer in home rule.—Chicago Daily News.

Often when a man fails at everything else, he is apt to start out to reform the world.—Atchison Globe.

"I have been looking at pictures today," said the artistic boarder, "until my neck is dead tired." "Rubber-tired, so to speak," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I'd like to look over some of your collars," said the young man in the haberdasher's. "Oh, then, you want to see some of the narrow styles?" replied the dealer.—Yonkers Statesman.

Proof Positive.—"Gimme some of dat sugarcane." "Gwan, youse doan like dis." "How do you know?" "Well, I never seed youse buy any fer you'self."—Jacksonville (Fla.) Times-Union.

"Yes, when Jack proposed to me I thought of the grammar class when I went to school." "What an idea! Why?" "Well, you see, I—I couldn't decline."—Philadelphia North American.

She Was Buncoed.—Lady (interviewing housemaid)—"Why did you leave your last place?" Housemaid—"Because master kissed me, mum." Lady—"And you didn't like it, eh?" Housemaid—"Oh, I didn't mind it, mum, but the mistress didn't like it."—Larks.

Inspiring Hope.—The Doctor—"Brace up; I must tell you the worst. You can't possibly recover." The Client—"That's a pity, for if I'd lived a bit longer I should have come into a fortune. As it is, I haven't a penny to pay you with, doctor." The Doctor—"Well now don't give up hope. We'll try to mend you. We'll try."—Illustrated Bits.

## TROGLODYTES OF AFRICA.

**They Are About the Most Backward People on the Globe—Their Queer Dwellings.**

If you want to be introduced to the slowest people in the world you must visit North Africa and make your way across the scorching desert that separates from the rest of the inhabitants of Africa the race known to the ancients as the Troglodytes, from the Greek "troglois," a hole. They were given this name on account of the habit of living in holes in the ground, a habit that probably owes its origin to the fact that Old Sol in that quarter is a very merciless old tyrant, and life above ground is scarcely bearable except when the sun has retired for the night.

The Troglodytes are in the line of caravan travel, and are visited by these freight trains of the African desert. No outside influence has been able, however, to wean them from their ancient habits, their antique garb and their peculiar manner of living. So far as is known, the manners and customs of the Troglodytes have not changed since Bible times, and anyone coming upon a group of these people in the present day and comparing appearance with descriptions extant that some historians have regarded as fabulous, will see that they are precisely the same now as they were many centuries ago.

A Troglodyte city is the most curious dwelling place in the world. From the exterior it presents the aspect of a Roman circus. The habitations are built in layers one above the other, and form a circular wall with a single entrance from the outside. All the doors of the houses open on the interior of the circular city. Each habitation has a door and a window. To get to them you must climb a flight of steps cut in the wall, which brings you to the lower layer of houses. If you wish to go higher you climb another pair of steps to the houses above, and from here to the third row, if you are visiting some one living on the top of the pile. The doors are all fastened with the most primitive lock that is turned by means of a wooden key.

Besides providing protection from their enemy, the sun, the circular habitations with the dead walls outside form a strong fortress to guard the inhabitants from the attacks of neighboring tribes. In these more peaceful days, however, they have no such fear before them, and so they use the walled city mostly for storing of crops, while they live in holes dug in the ground within the walls, and frequently change their position in search of pasture for the animals.

The age of the cities is immense. The exact date when they were built is unknown, but it is believed that they antedate the birth of Christ. The people are peaceably disposed, in which phase of character they are superior to most other natives of northern Africa. They are intelligent and hardworking, tending their flocks and farming their land with patient energy. The approach to their country is so difficult and dangerous, on account of the frightful gorges it is necessary to traverse, and the risk of being overcome by the deadly sirocco, that the interesting people have been disturbed but little by Europeans. Now that archaeologists are turning their attention to the ancient people, something more is being learned of them than was known heretofore.—St. Paul Dispatch.

### Courting in Cuba.

Apparently the highest social institution of Cienfuegos is the Sunday evening promenade in the plaza, and without it I really do not know how the young people of the aristocracy would manage to mate and marry. During all the week the senoritas of the upper class are kept under rigid restriction, never permitted to walk abroad alone and constantly watched by parents and duennas, as if expected to rush to the bad if allowed the smallest opportunity. This system of vigilance would doubtless become as irksome to the guardians as to the opening buds were not so soon over. At the age of 13 a Cuban girl is considered quite old enough to marry, and her parents hunt up a son-in-law without delay—unless, as is more commonly the case, some sub-rosa lover announces himself or a match, satisfactory to paterfamilias, was arranged for her with the son of a friend while the pair were as yet in their cradles. The beauty and charm of the fair Cubans are as evanescent as irresistible while they last. Like the lovely wild flowers of their islands, they mature very early, but fade as rapidly. The prettiest girl will be plain before she is 30, and a handsome middle-aged woman is not to be found in Cuba—if anywhere outside of the temperate zone.—St. Louis Republic.